

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAY TUTTLE, M. D.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Acting Assistant Surgeon
U. S. Marine Hospital Service.

Office hours: 10 to 12 a. m. 1 to 4:30 p. m.
477 Commercial Street, 2nd Floor.

Dr. RHODA C. HICKS

OSTEOPATHIST

Manell Bldg. 573 Commercial St.
PHONE BLACK 2065.

DR. T. L. BALL,

DENTIST.

524 Commercial St. Astoria, Oregon.

DR. VAUGHAN,

DENTIST

Fythian Building, Astoria, Oregon.

Dr. W. C. LOGAN

DENTIST

578 Commercial St., Shanahan Building

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. J. TRENCHARD

Real Estate, Insurance, Commission
and Shipping.

CUSTOM HOUSE BROKER.

Office 133 Ninth Street, Next to Justice
Office.

ASTORIA, OREGON.

BEST 15 CENT MEAL.

You can always find the best
15-cent meal in the city at the
Rising Sun Restaurant.

612 Commercial St.

FIRST-CLASS MEAL

for 15c; nice cake, coffee, pie, or
doughnuts, 5c, at U. S. Restau-
rant.

434 Bond St.

BAY VIEW HOTEL

E. GLÄSER, Prop.

Home Cooking, Comfortable Beds, Reason-
able Rates and Nice Treatment.

ASTORIA HOTEL

Corner Seventeenth and Duane Sts.

75 cents a day and up. Meals
20 cents. Board and lodging
\$4 per week.

WOOD! WOOD! WOOD!

Cord wood, mill wood, box wood, any
kind of wood at lowest prices. Kelly,
the transfer man. Phone 2211 Black,
Barn on Twelfth, opposite opera
house.

Dr. C. Gee Wo

WONDERFUL
HOME
TREATMENT

This wonderful Chi-
nese doctor is called
great because he cures
people without opera-
tion that are given up
in the U. S. He cures with
these wonderful Chi-
nese herbs, roots, barks,
leaves and vegetables.
That are entirely natu-
rals and are known to
science in this country.
Through the use of
these harmless remedies this famous doctor
knows the action of over 500 different reme-
dies, which he successfully uses in different
diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asth-
ma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness,
neuritis, liver, kidneys, etc.; has hundreds of
testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and
see him. Patients out of the city write for
brochures and circulars. Send stamp. CONSULT-
ATION FREE. ADDRESS

The C. Gee Wo Chinese Medicine Co.

233 Alder St., Portland, Oregon.
No Medicine paper.



Occident Hotel Bar
@ Billiard Hall.

Tables New and Everything
First Class.

Finest brands of Liquors and Cigars.

50 YEARS'
EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS & C.

Copyrights &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may
quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an
invention is probably patentable. Communications
strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents
sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive
special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest cir-
culation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a
year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 225 F St., Washington, D. C.

CHICAGO ELECTION RETRIBUTION

[Original.]

Exciting Political Campaign Closes
With Speeches.

DEMOCRATS CEAIN ELECTION

Republicans Claim That Harlan Will
Be Elected by 20,000 Majority—In-
dications, However, Point to the
Election of Judge, Dunne, Democrat.

Chicago, April 1.—Chicago's mayor-
ality and aldermanic campaign closed
tonight, with many meetings in all
wards of the city and a large democ-
ratic mass meeting in the auditorium.
John Maynard Harlan, son of Judge
Harlan, of the supreme court of the
United States, republican candidate,
and Judge Edward F. Dunne of the
Cook county circuit court, democratic
nominee.

The managers of the democratic
party assert that Dunne will have from
50,000 to 75,000 plurality, while the re-
publican leaders maintain that Har-
lan will be elected by a margin of 20,
000.

THE DOG'S COLD NOSE.

Its Origin, According to the Los
Book of Noah's Ark.

"The true story of the dog's cold
nose has been handed down to us sail-
ors from the log book of the ark," says
a sailor in the New York Times. "Mrs.
Noah went down one morning to the
potato bin in the lower hold for the
vegetables required for the noonday
meal. Her favorite collie dog, Nip, fol-
lowed her, as was his daily custom.
While Mrs. Noah was sorting out the
tubers the ark collided with a small
snag, which punctured a small hole in
her side close to where the lady stood.
Seeing that immediate action was nec-
essary, she took off her woolen petti-
coat and apron and stuffed them into
the hole, but the pressure of the water
forced the things out, and so she put
them back again and sat on them, call-
ing loudly for assistance. But no one
seemed to hear her, as the animals
were making such a noise. In her po-
sition she leaned back so that the
backs of her arms were pressed up
against the cold sides of the vessel;
hence the backs of women's arms are
always cold. The water was coming
in fast, and she began to fear for the
safety of the ark, so she jumped up
and, grabbing Nip, put his nose into
the hole and bade him stay there until
she went to the fore hatch and shout-
ed for help. A carpenter's mate heard
her and came down into the hold with
a soft pine plug, released poor Nip and
stopped the leak. The water outside
was very cold, and Nip got a cold nose,
and hence all healthy dogs have a cold
nose."

THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

How They Are Depleted in Buddhism
and Islamism.

The infernal regions of Buddhism
are horrible. They comprise a great
hell and 136 lesser hells. In these
hells, according to the sculptures of
the Buddhist temples, men are ground
to powder and their dust turned into
ants and fleas and spiders. They are
pestled in a mortar. The hungry eat
red-hot iron balls. The thirsty drink
molten iron.

Islamism says of the infernal re-
gions: "They who believe not shall
have garments of fire fitted for them.
Boiling water shall be poured on their
heads and on their skins, and they
shall be beaten with maces of iron."

In the Scandinavian mythology, the
mythology of Odin and Thor, we are
told that "in Nastrand there is a vast
and direful structure, with doors that
face the north. It is formed entirely
of the backs of serpents, wattled to-
gether like wickerwork. But the ser-
pents' heads are turned toward the in-
side of the hall, and they continually
send forth floods of venom, in which
wade all those who commit murder or
forswear themselves."

In the past Christian clergymen
loved to describe hell. The present
tendency, however, is to avoid discus-
sion of this place—to dwell upon the
gentler and more lovely side of Chris-
tianity.—Exchange.

The Bride's Pie.

The "wedding cake" of today was
formerly called the "bride's pie" and
in some regions was regarded as so
essential an adjunct to the marriage
celebration that there was no prospect
of happiness without it. It was always
circular in shape, covered with a
strong crust and garnished with sweet-
meats. It was the proper thing for the
bridegroom to wait on the bride in
serving the cake; hence the term
"bridegroom."

Frightful Suffering Relieved.

Suffering frightfully from the viru-
lent poisons of undigested food, C. G.
Grayson, of Lula, Miss., took Dr. King's
New Life Pills, "with the result," he
writes, "that I was cured." All stomach
and bowel disorders give way to their
tonic-laxative properties. 25c at Chan-
Rogers' drug store, guaranteed.

all who saw him rejoiced that it was
his would be murderer and not he who
had succumbed.

S. MARSHALL PHELPS.

Riped Lobsters.

The word "lobster" as a slang term
of ridicule and opprobrium is generally
regarded as of recent origin. On the
contrary, it would seem to go back at
least to the seventeenth century. In
John Baldwin Buckstone's play, "The
Green Bushes," produced in London
about seventy years ago, the scenes
are laid at the time of the Irish rebel-
lion of 1798. One of the characters
mentions the English soldiers derisive-
ly as "lobsters," referring no doubt to
the uniforms of the "redcoats." Eden
Phillipotts in his novel, "The Farm of
the Dagger," published last year,
makes an American prisoner of the
war of 1812 speak of the British sol-
diers as "lobsters." A fanciful etymol-
ogist might easily find a connection be-
tween the present day slang use of
"lobster" and the sixteenth century
word "lob," denoting a sluggish and
stupid person, which occurs in Shake-
speare and contemporary plays and
poems, usually as a synonym for "lub-
ber." But the earliest known instance
of the derisive use of the slang term is
the coupling of "lobsters and tattered-
mailons," meaning soldiers and vag-
rants, by Tom Brown (1673-1704).
Brown is the satirist who made the
much quoted impromptu adaptation of
an epigram by Martial, directing it
against his instructor and beginning,
"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell."—Phila-
delphia Press.

The Drumming of Grouse.

Who has not heard the drumming of
ruffed grouse while in the woods dur-
ing the spring months? It is the most
common sound of wooing, heard from
every thicket at every hour of the day.
There is still a misconception as to how
the drumming is done. The general be-
lief is that the bird produces the sound
by working its wings rapidly, using
them to strike its body or a log. It is
true that the ruffed grouse, like most
chickens, flaps its wings in the excite-
ment of its love song, but that the
drumming is produced in that manner
is a myth. I have often watched a
cock which, standing on a log and
drumming for dear life, apparently did
not move a feather, though I must
state that the drumming was not so
loud as if the wings had been flapped.
Flapping the wings evidently fills with
air the lungs and throat of the bird,
but is not an indispensable agency in
producing the drumming. If the ruffed
grouse could work its wings as quickly
as the closing stroke of the drumming
it would be the swiftest motor in ex-
istence.—Country Life in America.

The great American desert is the
home of queer people and queer things
generally. With us the rattlesnake is
the most dreaded of reptiles, but out
there they have what they call the
Gila monster, that is more terrible than
the rattler. Its bite is almost certain
death, and men have been known to
end their lives with a revolver rather
than endure the agony resulting from
a Gila bite. When I went out there I
had never heard of a Gila, but after I
had seen one and its effect I never
wanted to see another.

One afternoon while riding past a
house, or, rather, hut, belonging to one
of the herdsmen of a ranch near by I
heard a clatter and, turning, saw a
man come galloping down the road. A
child about two years old had just come
out of the house and was toddling
across the road. The horseman paid no
attention to it. I thought he didn't
see the little fellow, but he did, for
just before reaching him he gave a
whoop, cutting at him at the same
time with his quirt. The child, too
young to heed, stooped to pick up some-
thing that pleased its baby fancy. The
horseman rode straight over him.

The boy's mother came to her door
just in time to see what had occurred.
With a shriek she rushed to her child,
picked him up and ran with him into
the house. I would have followed to
administer to her, but there were oth-
ers with her, and, to tell the truth, I
had no heart for the work. The man
rode on to a saloon farther up the road,
where he dismounted and went inside.

I have never felt so ashamed of my-
self for omitting to do what honor
seemed to call for as in this case. In
the east I would not hesitate to protect
a lady from a ruffian, yet here was a
woman whose child had been purpose-
ly trampled before her eyes, and I did
not raise a hand to avenge her. But
what could I do? Any interference on
my part must result either in my death
or that of the man who had committed
the outrage.

I reported the matter to the owner of
the ranch, who told me that the boy's
father was in his employ and was then
away herding cattle. There was a feud
between him and the man, a worthless
and desperate vagabond who had
ridden down the child to avenge some
fancied injury. When the father re-
turned one or the other would doubt-
less bite the dust.

"And if the father falls there will be
two victims instead of one," I re-
marked.

"We can't help that out here," re-
plied my informant. "There's too little
law to cover such cases."

The next morning while riding over
the plain I came upon the child's moth-
er. She carried a stick and a coarse
bag and was evidently looking for
something. I did not see her face, for
her back was turned. Suddenly I saw
her raise the stick and strike at some-
thing on the ground. In a few mo-
ments she picked up what resembled a
young alligator, holding it by the tip
of the tail, dropped it in the bag, tied
up the bag's mouth and carried her
burden away, holding it apart from
her. Then she turned and came toward
me. I would have liked to ask her
what she had been about, but there
was a look in her face that decided
me not to question her, and she passed
on without seeming to be aware of my
presence.

Curiosity got the better of me, and I
turned and followed her. She went to
the saloon up the road, and before
reaching it I saw a man asleep on the
porch, though I could not see who he
was. The woman drew near him
stealthily, pausing occasionally, with
her eye fixed on him, till at last, com-
ing upon him from a point where he
could not see her, she united the mouth
of her bag, held it above him, and the
alligator thing it contained fell on his
breast.

The man started up and on seeing
what had awakened him gave a cry as
piercing, as full of despair, as had
been given by the woman when her
child was run down. I saw him strug-
gling with something that had fastened
upon one of his hands and finally throw
it from him. It crawled away, and I
saw it no more. The woman turned
and walked toward her home.

I had seen the dreaded Gila monster.
The woman had learned that her en-
emy was asleep on the saloon porch and,
going out on the plain, had found a
Gila. When attacked the monster
feigned to be dead. She had therefore
no difficulty in carrying out her pur-
pose. She knew that when her hus-
band returned the man who had run
down his child would expect to die or
kill his adversary. Her husband, not
knowing of the outrage, would be taken
unawares. She had resolved on her
own method of foiling their enemy and
avenging her child.

I was surprised to learn that the
child had not been killed. It had not
seemed to me that there was one
chance in a thousand for its survival.
Perhaps it was that the horse—one of
the noblest and kindest of dumb brutes
—tried not to touch it; perhaps it was
good luck; perhaps an interposition of
Divine Providence. Be this as it may,
the child, though severely injured,
lived.

But the man who had sought to kill
it—day after day, night after night,
we heard the maniacal cries in his delir-
ium and agony. It was a terrible
but deserved retribution. One day he
found relief, and the next the child
he had sought to kill toddled out, and

Order Your

Calendar

for 1906

OF

The J. S. Dellinger Co.

Astoria, Oregon.

Fine Line of Samples
Now Ready.

We furnish all the latest designs at
prices lower than Eastern Houses
and save you the freight.

COME AND SEE US

THE J. S. DELLINGER COMPANY

ASTORIA, OREGON

BLANK BOOK MAKERS

LITHOGRAPHERS

PRINTERS LINOTYPERS

Most Complete Printing Plant in Oregon

No Contract too Large. No Job too Small

Book and Magazine Binding a Specialty